THE EVENING TELEGRAM'S PRIZE STORY CONTEST

THE LLAMA'S EMERALDS.

By Helen Frances Huntington, 1,036 Simpson Street, New York.

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Ravensworth started, in spite of his calmness, when the long expected ring thrilled through the silence of his little apartment. It was barely half-past eight o'clock, and he had been waiting for that sinister summons since five that afternoon when he had become aware that his movements were shadowed by detectives.

He opened the hall door quietly and found, not an officer of the law, but a dark eyed, pale faced young woman who breathed very fast and hard, as if she had just undergone some great physical exertion.

"Olive!" cried Ravensworth, in an indescribable voice, half barring his doorway with one outstretched arm. But she went past him hurriedly, and reaching out an agitated hand closed the door behind her.

"I had to come, Ross," she said, in a voice of tense repression. "I had to know what has happened to you."

"Oh, what have you done?" he exclaimed in poignant dismay. "I am a prisoner here, shadowed by detectives who will not allow you to go away quietly after you have passed my door."

"I tried to reach you by 'phone and could not, so I went to Mrs. Crestwood to find out the truth about this shameful rumor, and she refused at first to see me, but I insisted, and then she would not talk. She said she was ill. Oh, I know what you would say about my presence here. Am I not above reproach to Bernard and you and the few whose opinions I care about?"

She drew him with gentle haste into the study where the white, merciless light showed how pale and worn he was.

"Now tell me what has happened," she begged. "Whatever it is, it cannot be so bad that your best friends cannot help you. Oh, if Bernard were only here."

"Bernard could not help me," said Ravensworth. "No one can."

The shadow of fear that darkened her anxious eyes grew still deeper.

"Still, I must know," she insisted. "Could you pass your dearest friend in trouble without trying to help him? You would be the very first to come to me in any difficulty that burdened me and the last to leave me. Ross, I can be just as faithful in the offices of friendship as you can. Tell me!"

"I have not the courage," he confessed after a painfully silent moment.

"Courage!" she echoed incredulously. "You who risked your life without a moment's hesitation to save a vagrant stranger, tell me that you lack courage!"

"Olive, tell me this from your innermost soul. Could you—could any woman—forgive dishonor even in the dearest of friends?" The word "dishonor" came harshly as if its utterance hurt some vital part of the speaker.

"You could not stoop to wilful dishonor, Ross—you could not!"

"There are times," said he slowly, "when the pressure of a great loss or the fear of disaster confuses a man's judgment momentarily. He may even stoop to theft, intending to make restitution later, of course, but whatever he may do after yielding to temptation cannot save him

YOU COULD NOT STOOP TO WILFUL DISHONOR, ROSS—YOU COULD NOT?

from dishonor—that stays with him forever."

She made no comment, but her frightened eyes implored him for the truth, and after a very slight pause he continued in a changed, hardened voice:—

"Imagine a man in dire straits suddenly confronted with the means of escape—a chance to avert a disaster which might involve the loss of his dearest possession. It would be almost natural to such a man to take the chance without counting the cost, would it not?"

"Go on," she said in a whisper.

"You know how very friendly the Crestwoods have always been toward me, especially Crestwood, whom I've known pretty intimately for years. Two weeks ago, when a severe attack of the grip sent Crestwood hurrying down to Southern Pines, he left the house key with me, asking me to keep an eye on the place during the short while that he and his wife were to be away. They left the old family butler in immediate charge, but the two other servants asked and received permission to absent themselves on home visits, which left the butler alone in the house. He is absolutely trustworthy, but old and very hard of hearing, so that it would be quite possible for a careful burglar to enter and depart unnoticed. For that reason I was to look in every night to see that all was well. No outsider knew of the Crestwoods' absence, because they did not want it talked about for reasons that had to do with the safety of their household possessions.

"Quite unexpectedly, and to her great joy, Mrs. Crestwood received an invitation to the great Heyward ball, in honor of a semi-royal visitor, and that rare event brought her hurrying back. She had only a day's grace after she arrived here, but somehow or other she managed to make a splendid appearance at the ball, perhaps because she wore the Llama's emeralds—you have seen them, of course. She sent me to the bank for them just before closing hours, and when I delivered them to her I told her that I had just been forced into making a pressing out of town engagement which would keep me away all night. But she did not at all mind being left without my protection, for she had succeeded in reaching one of her maids by telephone, and would have her company for the night.

"As I said, she wore the emeralds that she intended to replace the costly gems in the safe deposit vault on her way to the station, she found the case empty. The jewels had disappeared in the night."

Ravensworth paused and pushed back night. On the following morning, when the chair upon which he had been leaning rather heavily.

"And the Crestwoods accused you?" the listening girl asked, incredulously.

"At first only Mrs. Crestwood did, but when her husband had time to think his loss over he was forced to take the only plausible view of the irrefutable evidence. He could not help but believe me guilty, in spite of his very good will toward me, for everything went against me. The key which they had intrusted to my care was found in their lower hall the morning after the jewels disappeared, and when I was asked I could give no explanation except that it was not in my possession."

"Ross, you cannot have done that ghastly thing—you cannot!" the girl said, in a shaking voice.

"If I am guilty you cannot forgive me," he said, grimly, yet with a glimmer of desperate appeal in his eyes.

"I still cannot believe that you are guilty," she murmured as if she had not heard his question. "If so you were beside your self for the moment. What are those men waiting for outside?" she asked suddenly as if she felt the ominous shadow of the avenging law for the first time.

"I think they have been told to delay the arrest till the last moment, in hopes of recovering the jewels without publicity."

"Where are the jewels?

"They are forever out of my power," was the low answer.

"Oh, Ross, you are hiding something from me," she cried, huskily. "Give me the clew to help you right whatever it was that drove you to this dreadful act. Think of your good name that has never borne the shadow of dishonor—the name that so many men esteem and admire. Think of that and let me help you in any way. Let me give you my small inheritance"—

"Olive!" the man cried in a strange tone, "you are making it so very hard for me—almost too hard. Won't you go now, before they find you here? Think of the man whom you have pledged yourself to. For his sake"—

"Oh, Bernard!" she broke in. "He would surely want me to befriend so dear and faithful a friend as you have always been to me. If he did not I should stop caring for him."

Somewhere a door opened and closed heavily and footsteps sounded in the lower hall. Suddenly Olive ran to the telephone and called hurriedly to Central, giving the number of Crestwood's telephone. "Mrs. Crestwood," she said, "yes, I want Mrs. Crestwood, immediately.

"Olive!" called Ravensworth unavailingly, as he took a step toward her.

"Mrs. Crestwood?" the girl went on interrogatively. "This is Olive Conrad. Yes. Do you hear me perfectly? It is very important that you should hear every word, for I have a confession to make. It was I who stole the Llama's emeralds. Do you hear?"

"Olive!" cried Ravensworth again, transfixed with surprise and horror. But she paid no heed to anything but the amazed voice that reached her across the wire. "Yes, I am here in Mr. Ravensworth's apartment. I have just told him everything. Will you send word immediately to your detectives asking one of them to accompany me to your home? I will make a full confession in your presence."

"Now, you can do nothing," she said as she swung about to face Ravensworth, whose face had grown absolutely colorless and hopeless. "You cannot refuse to bear out my story, for think of what a denial would mean—that I love you more than I love Bernard. Oh, isn't it better that I should bear the blame for a little while until my name is forgotten after my marriage? Who is there to care beside my guardian? He will do his utmost to hush things up if the Crestwoods will accept my few thousands in restitution, and then I shall have lost very little, for Uncle Rob never had any real love for me. Bernard will suffer a little, yes, but your fine old name will be saved."

She gave him a last look of mingled sorrow and pity. Then she passed him with bowed head and went out into the brilliantly lighted corridor, where she awaited the official summons which she knew Mrs. Crestwood would send.

* * * * * * *

Ravensworth stood before a deep window in the Crestwood house looking down at the human stream that flowed to and fro unceasingly. Behind him Crestwood paced nervously across the room, while his wife watched both men from the doorway, where she had stood for some time in a tensely listening attitude. All three started sharply when a bell trilled in the entrance hall below. For a moment they faced the door in alert silence, then Olive Conrad entered quietly, bringing with her a tang of the keen wintry air.

"I have news for you, Miss Conrad," said Mrs. Crestwood in a voice that brimmed with repressed excitement, "and I want Mr. Ravensworth to hear it with you."

"Yes?" the girl said interrogatively, looking from face to face of the three people before her.

"It is not altogether good news, though," Mrs. Crestwood warned, "for it concerns a painful accident to Bernard Preame."

Olive Conrad's face, which had been rather pale at the moment of her entrance, reddened oddly, with fear, perhaps, and her trimly gloved hands suddenly tightened their slack hold on her muff. "Where is Bernard?" she asked constrainedly.

"In a Philadelphia hospital. He was in a bad automobile wreck and although his injuries are exceedingly severe he will not die, the doctors say, but he think[illegible] ently—at least she did six hours ago."

"He sent for me?" Olive asked in a more natural voice.

"No, not for you, but for me," corrected Mrs. Crestwood. "I went to him at once and found him conscious and very much afraid of death—so much so that he was driven by that fear to give me this."

She stepped back and snatched a small parcel from the table, which she opened with a quick gesture, disclosing a flash of beautiful green stones—the Llama's Emeralds!

"It was Bernard who stole them," Mrs. Crestwood continued, "and he was on his way to try to dispose of them when the accident occurred."

Olive stared speechlessly at the [illegible] gems for a full moment. Then she looked over at Ravensworth.

"You knew it," she accused, in a low voice.

Ravensworth made no answer, but his eyes betrayed him.

"Yes, he knew," said Mrs. Crestwood emphatically, "but because of your love for Bernard he took the blame upon himself. Bernard discovered in some way that Ross had our house key, and he found out, too, about the ball, and guessed, of course, that I would wear the emeralds, so he made up his mind to use that opportunity, if possible, to obtain the means to tide him over a very difficult situation. It was a sudden temptation, he says; not a premeditated crime. He called on Ross on the evening of the ball, just as the latter was about to make a hasty change of toilet in order to keep an appointment, and managed to get possession of Ross' key long enough to abstract the one he wanted. He dropped that same key in the hall after he had committed his theft. Is there anything in the world that I can do to atone for my injustice toward you, Ross?" Mrs. Crestwood asked, with an appealing change of voice.

"I do assure you that I was never so tremendously and humbly sorry about anything else as I am over this unpardonable mistake of mine, Ravensworth," put in Crestwood, in profound regret. "I don't expect forgiveness, but I do want you to believe that I'm terribly cut up over it."

"What of my injustice toward the best and dearest friend of my life?" asked Olive Conrad sharply, with a backward wrench of her head. "I who know him so very well should not have believed the lightest whisper of blame, even in the face of the whole world's denunciation."

It came to the Crestwoods suddenly, as they looked into the brimming eyes of the girl who stood facing the man whose steadfast love had been relinquished for the sake of a more ardent, romantic passion, that Ravensworth's golden hour had dawned at that weighty moment. They turned to go, in happy comprehension, just as Olive laid one unsteady hand on Ravensworth's arm, with a smile of supreme affection.

"At last I have awakened, Ross," she said, very softly and sweetly. "Do you still want me?"

Writer of 'Hearts Aflame' Wins Week's Telegram Story Prize

Mrs. Louise Winter, a Talented Author, Gets $50 Award for Best Story of Week.

WAS ONCE EDITOR OF NEWSPAPER IN HAVANA

One of the Founders of the Idela Literary Club in This City and a Society Woman.

MRS. LOUISE WINTER

Mrs. Louise Winter, who lives at the Hotel Carlton, No. 203 West Fifty-fourth street, and is well known in both literary and social circles, has won this week's prize of $50 in gold for contributing the best of the many short stories received in the Evening Telegram's prize story contest.

"Mlle. Chauffeur" is Mrs. Winter's fascinating story, and it was published yesterday, just as the talented author was speeding to Atlantic City for two weeks of rest and recreation.

While her success in this competition for a bright, entertaining short story has gained for her the prize, Mrs. Winter has produced many other creditable works of literature. She is the author of a novel, "Hearts Aflame," published several years ago, and dramatized by Mrs. Genevieve Haines not long afterward.

Miss L. F. Conover, of No. 110 West Eighty-fourth street, a close friend of Mrs. Winter, said to-day:—

"Mrs. Winter is a literary woman first and a society woman afterward. At one time she was editor of a newspaper in Havana, which prints its news both in Spanish and English."

Mrs. Winter is one of the founders of the Idela Literary Club, of this city. She belongs also to several other literary organizations.

NEW LEADING LADY AT NEW THEATRE IN NEW ROLE

How Edith Wynne Matthison Graduated from Musical Comedy to Highest Dramatic Interpretation.

MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON is absorbed these days in preparation for her appearance as Sister Beatrice in Maeterlinck's miracle play at the New Theatre. Yesterday, after rehearsing all morning, and spending the afternoon with photographer, costumer and other annoyances incidental to the life of a leading actress, she was still unperturbed, and apparently unwearied in the presence of an added annoyance—the interviewer.

"What sort of plays do I prefer?" she said, smiling patiently. "Any play, so long as it is vital. Give me a good play, and I care not who classifies it—or how." My first introduction to American audiences was in a morality play, 'Everyman.' Then came Shakesperian plays, then English comedies of later periods, Restoration and Victorian, followed by an American comedy, 'The Great Divide,' and my husband's symbolic play. Now I am about to appear in a miracle play. Include with these the classic role of Elektra and you will see that almost every type of play has been my portion, even musical comedy, for it was in that medium that I gained my first experiences on the English stage.

"Curiously enough, with all the variety of my work I have never yet appeared as a heroine in an Ibsen, a Barrie or a Pinero play. Needless to say, I admire the work of all three, and look forward to an opportunity of interpreting them some day."

Miss Wynne Matthison was asked about her early struggles on the stage. The quiet, gray eyes twinkled with amusement.

"I was a chorus girl in the beginning. There was no other way. I had to gain stage experience somehow, and this was the only door open to me. Everymanager asked me what actual experience I had, then I answered, 'None whatever,' the conference came to an abrupt end. Once I protested, 'But I can recite.' 'No doubt,' was the answer, 'but some who recite like angels, act like the Devil.'

"At the end of two years in musical comedy I was playing leads. You see, I come of a family of singers. Then I was graduated into a provincial company and one day Mr. Greet saw me in 'The New Magdalen' and offered me a position with his players. In the first month with him I played several Shakespearian roles, Kate Hardcastle, The Lady of Lyons and Clara Douglas in 'Money.' How I disliked the Lady of Lyons; she is such a snob. I don't mind playing a snob if she is a snob, or a fool if she is really a fool. But the Lady of Lyons and Clara Douglas were seriously conceived by their author as beautiful, sympathetic souls. They are so hopelessly early Victorian.

"I'm afraid my audiences liked me as Clara Douglas; I was such a nice, sweet, clinging young thing.

"One of the most interesting roles I ever played was the wife in 'The Servant in the House.' She is a very real human creature, not very sympathetic to be sure, but so true to actual experience. The wives of college professors appreciate her. They know all about her from their own experiences.

"I appeared in the character because the management thought that my name would attract people to the play. They came, and continued to come again and again, but it was to see me that their second visits were made. They came to see Rob, the title man. Of course it wasn't flattering to me as an actress, but as the wife of the writing of the play need I say it is immaterial?

"My work in the New Theatre, so far is bathed in pale azure light of early dawn, and even the figure of the Virgin is clothed in a shade of the same color. Into this cerulean atmosphere are brought two strong notes. The first is struck by the mantle of scarlet cloth of gold, typifying the world, wherein the Prince enwraps Sister Beatrice, and the second, the dazzling white blaze which pours out of the chapel at the accomplishment of the miracle. Miss Matthison will, of course, be cast as Sister Beatrice, the most important role. Pedro de Cordoba will be the Prince, and Ben Johnson the Priest. Others in the cast include Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, Miss Julia Blanc, Miss Elsie Kearns, Miss Olive Wyndham and Miss Caroline Newcombe.

MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS HERMIONE IN "THE WINTER'S TALE" — MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS ROSALIND IN "AS YOU LIKE IT" — MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS SISTER BEATRICE IN MAETERLINCK'S MIRACLE PLAY

"The entire action takes place in the convent, only one scene being shown during the three acts. The color scheme will be used to enhance the weird unreality of the play, even to the robes of the priest and the nuns. The convent walls are of [illegible] stone, the landscape without [illegible]

"The Miracle play, as outlined, comprises two roles, Sister Beatrice in Maeterlinck's play, and Hermione in 'A Winter's Tale,' both delightful roles, which appeal to me very much. Sister Beatrice, you remember, like 'Pelleas and Melisande,' were written first as opera libretti. Of the two Sister Beatrice is the more direct in its human appeal.

"What is to come after these two plays? I don't know. It all depends."

Miss Matthison was asked about the American woman as subject for drama.

"There could be nothing better. The American woman of to-day is a wonderful creature, alive, independent, assertive. Your American dramatists, I am sure, will discover and express her as vitally as Ibsen expressed the women of his country and generation, and as Pinero and Barrie are expressing theirs. The heroine of 'The Great Divide,' who was distinctly American, proved a most interesting character to study and present."

Miracle Play at New Theatre

MAETERLINCK'S miracle play, "Sister Beatrice," and the fourth act of Ibsen's poetic drama, "Brand," will be presented as a double bill Monday evening at the New Theatre. In the former Miss Edith Wynne Matthison will make her first appearance as a member of the New Theatre company. These presentations leave but two more productions to be made at the playhouse in Central Park West before the close of the season. The first of these will be "A Winter's Tale," on a Shakespearean stage, and the second Rene Fauchois' "Beethoven."

While "Sister Beatrice" has been performed abroad, it has never been acted here. The fourth act of "Brand" is also well known on the Continent, but has never been given in New York. The presentation of the latter drama in full is exceedingly rare, but the final act, which in itself is complete, is a part of the repertoire of many theatres in Europe.

"Sister Beatrice" in story form is best known through "A Ballad of a Nun," by John Davidson, and through "A Legend of Provence," by Adelaide Anne Proctor. Both are based on a mediaeval legend, but Maeterlinck went to the original Dutch version for his tale. The story is that of Sister Beatrice, a nun supposed to have been the inmate of a convent near Louvain in the thirteenth century. Because of her love for the handsome Prince Bellidor she renounces her vows and goes out into the world. As she leaves the convent the statue of the Virgin Mary descends from its pedestal on the altar and in the flesh and blood takes up the duties of Sister Beatrice, for whom she is mistaken by the nuns. Years later Sister Beatrice, worn out by the sins of the world, returns to seek forgiveness, and the statue resumes its place on the pedestal. The penitent sister is told that her belief that she left the convent is a delusion, and she keeps her secret to her death. The moral of the play is epitomized in the last lines, "God pardons sin done without hatred. There is no sin forgiveness does not touch." While the play is poetic in spirit, it is written in prose. The musical setting is by Max Moschalk.

Plays and Players Now in Town

PLAYS and players now in town include Miss Ethel Barrymore in "Mid-Channel," at the Empire; Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, Miss Nance O'Neil in "The Lily," at the Stuyvesant; Francis Wilson in "The Bachelor's Baby," at the Criterion; Miss Hattie Williams in "The Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind Him," at the Garrick; Miss Florence Reed in "Seven Days," at the Astor; Miss Charlotte Walker in "Just a Wife," at the Belasco; William Collier in "A Lucky Star," at the Hudson; Miss Billie Burke in "Mrs. Dot," at the Lyceum; "Where There's a Will," at Joe Weber's Theatre; H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmie Valentine," at Wallack's; Miss Mary Mannering in "A Man's World," at the Comedy; Tully Marshall in "The City," at the Lyric; Miss Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex," at Daly's; Cyril Scott in "The Lottery Man," at the Bijou; "The Turning Point," at Hackett's; Miss Dorothy Donnelly in "Madame X," at the New Amsterdam.

POPULAR plays at popular houses next week include two holdovers, "The Third Degree," at the Grand Opera House, and "The Merry Widow," at the Academy of Music. Other attractions are Laurence Irving and Miss Mabel Hackney in "The Affinity," at the West End; "The Bowery Burlesquers," at the Columbia; "The Columbia Burlesquers," at Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall; "The Lid Lifters," at the Metropolis; the Behman Show, at the Murray Hill Theatre, The Cracker Jacks, at the Olympia.

MUSICAL plays now in town include Miss Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl," at the Herald Square; Montgomery and Stone in "The Old Town," at the Globe; Miss Vali Vali in "The Dollar Princess," at the Knickerbocker; Miss Connie Ediss in "The Arcadians," at the Liberty; Miss Florence Holbrook in "Bright Eyes," at the New York; Miss Ida Brooks Hunt in "The Chocolate Soldier," at the Casino; Miss Nora Bayes in "The Jolly Bachelors," at the Broadway.

An important new feature will be added to the bill at the New York Hippodrome beginning with Monday's matinee, when Gerzon's famous troupe of fifty "little people" (midgets) will be seen for the first time in America. These diminutive folk present an entire circus performance and have a cortege of fifty circus carriages, drawn by as many tiny ponies, said to be the smallest in the world. Among the wee performers are clowns, equilibrists, equestrians and acrobats, all skilled and capable of duplicating the acts done by full sized circus people.

The strong demand for "Everyman," which the Ben Greet Players have revived as a Friday matinee feature at the Garden Theatre, has led to the revision of the bill for next week. "Everyman" will be given on Monday and Tuesday evenings, as well as at the Friday matinee. The performance on Monday evening will be the 1,000th in America. Wednesday matinee and evening "She Stoops to Conquer" will be given. "The Rivals" will be the bill for the Irish night on Thursday, and Marlowe's famous old comedy, "Dr. Faustus," will be given on Friday and Saturday matinee and night.

Some Headliners in Vaudeville

HEADLINERS in vaudeville next week include the following:—

Fifth Avenue—Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Homer Lind, Raymond and Caverly.

American Plaza Music Hall—"After the Opera," Cliff Gordon, Montgomery and Moore, "Ma Gosse."

Plaza Music Hall—Miss Nellie McCoy, Fred Karnos' "Dandy Thieves," The Four Mortons.

Colonial—Denman Thompson, Lole Fuller's "Ballet of Light," "La Petite Revue."

Alhambra—Miss Mina Minar, "The Futurity Winner," Matthews and Ashley.

Bronx—"Pinkelspiel's Christmas," Williams and Von Alstyne, Clifford and Burke.

Victoria—Abe Attell and Leach Cross, Lionel Barrymore, McKee Rankin and Doris Rankin, Miss Annabelle Whitford.

Concerts and Recitals of Coming Week

CONCERTS and recitals during the coming week include the following:—

Frederick Busoni at the Manhattan Opera House and Mme. Delna and the Volpe Symphony Orchestra and Miss Tina Lerner, Carnegie Hall, Sunday afternoon.

New York Symphony, Walter Damrosch conducting; Miss Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, soloist; New Theatre, Sunday afternoon.

Kneisel Quartet, special matinee Tuesday afternoon, Mendelssohn Hall. George Longy, oboe; Josef Kovarik, viola, assisting soloists.

Fiske Jubilee Quartet, Mendelssohn Hall, Tuesday evening.

Maximilian Filzer's violin recital, Mendelssohn Hall, Wednesday evening.

Geraldine Morgan's chamber music recital, Stuyvesant Theatre, Friday afternoon.

Symphony concerts for young people, Frank Damrosch, Saturday afternoon, Carnegie Hall.

Charles Gilbert, baritone, and Arturo Tibaldi, violinist, joint recital, Mendelssohn Hall, Monday afternoon.

Second concert of American Music Society, Mendelssohn Hall, Saturday evening. Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano; Morton Adkins, barytone; Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, violin and piano.

Burton Holmes' Travelogue, at the Lyceum Theatre to-morrow evening, on "Java," by Wright Kramer.

Opera in English at Metropolitan

THE repertory for the eighteenth week this season, beginning on next Monday, March 14, of the Metropolitan Opera Company will note the first performance in grand opera in English by an American composer, Frederick Converse's opera, "The Pipe of Desire," with Louise Homer, Lenora Sparkes, Lilla Snelling, Riccardo Martin, Clarence Whitehill, Glen Hall and Herbert Witherspoon, and with incidental dances by the corps de ballet. Alfred Hertz will conduct.

Monday evening "Faust" will be given in French, with Geraldine Farrar, Jeanne Maubourg, Marie Mattfeld, Herman Jadlowker, Dinh Gilly, Adamo Didur and Paul Ananian and the corps de ballet. Vittorio Podesti will conduct.

Tuesday afternoon, popular matinee at popular prices, "Haensel and Gretel" will be presented, with Marie Mattfeld, Bella Alten, Anna Meitschik, Florence Wickham, Lillia Snelling, Lenora Sparkes and Otto Goritz. Alfred Hertz will conduct. This will be followed by Delibes' "Ballet of Coppelia," with Anna Pavlowa, Verdi Requiem at the Metropolitan Opera House, to-morrow night.

Volpe Symphony Orchestra and Miss Tina Lerner, Carnegie Hall, Sunday afternoon.

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Miracle Play and Symbolic Opera in English Are Notable Productions of Coming Week.

WITH perfect scenic equipment and a cast that gave the delightful music its full value, "Der Freischutz," Carl von Weber's beautiful opera, was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House last night and proved a big late season success. There were many enthusiastic curtain calls for the principals and the conductor, and even the stage manager was called out to share in the triumph.

The famous scene of the casting of the magic bullets was splendidly done and the air was fuller of realistic spooks and ghosts for five minutes than at a regular seance. When the curtain rose on this scene, the Wolf's Glen, the audience applauded heartily.

Under Mr. Hertz's able baton the orchestra played the stirring overture in a way that aroused the brilliant house. Mme. Gadski was the Agathe and sang the lovely second act aria in most finished style. Herrman Jadlowkr, as Max, displayed his wonderfully powerful and sympathetic tenor to its best advantage; Miss Belle Alten was a bewitching and tuneful Aennchen, Otto Goritz a striking Prince Ottokar, Robert Blass a fine Gaspar, Albert Reiss a jovial Kilian, Herbert Witherspoon an effective hermit and Adolph Muhlmann a good Kuno.

It was a red letter night for German opera, and "Der Freischutz" was most heartily welcomed home again by the crowded house.

MOST delicate and elusive of operas, "Pelleas and Milisande," was revived last night at the Manhattan Opera House, and an immense audience listened with evident appreciation to the symbolic story told by Maeterlinck, and so beautifully enhanced by the exact music of Debussy.

As at the first and subsequent performances, Miss Mary Garden was the Melisande—a role in which she is seen to the best advantage and in which she is most vividly remembered. Again she was an unfailing delight. Pictorially, histrionically and vocally, her Melisande is a creation of absolute genius. Mr. Dalmores was again the Pelleas, and Mr. Dufranne again the Golaud. Mr. Huberdeau appeared here for the first time as the venerable King Arkel, imparting to the role the requisite dignity. Mme. Trentini as the little boy Yuloid and Mr. Crabbe as the Doctor were again adequate interpreters of their roles. Mr. de la Fuente conducted.

At Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, under the able direction of Gustav Mahler, repeated its programme of modern composers, opening with Busoni's orchestral suite, "Turandot," with its curious arrangement of Chinese tunes scored in the manner of the Western World and still retaining their local color.

Fritz Kreisler followed with Brahms' concerto for violin in D major, again winning the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience for his impassioned playing. Debussy's "Afternoon with a Faun" played with requisite poetic delicacy, was followed by Strauss' dramatic tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration." Played and interpreted the enthusiasm of the audience.

Every woman will want to see the special Easter fashion numbers of the EVENING TELEGRAM, to be published on March 16 and 17, for they will contain elaborate illustrations of the newest Parisian gowns and millinery.